

How easie dost thou take all England vp,  
From forth this morcell of dead Royaltie?  
The life, the right, and truth of all this Realme  
Is fled to heauen: and England now is left  
To tug and scamble, and to part by th' teeth  
The vn-owed interest of proud swelling State:  
Now for the bare-pickt bone of Maieesty,  
Doth dogged warre bristle his angry crest,  
And snarleth in the gentle eyes of peace:  
Now Powers from home, and discontents at home  
Meet in one line: and vast confusion waites  
As doth a Reuen on a sicke-falne beast,  
The imminent decay of wrested pompe.  
Now happy he, whose cloake and center can  
Hold out this tempest. Beare away that childe,  
And follow me with speed: Ile to the King:  
A thousand busineses are brieue in hand,  
And heauen it selfe doth frowne vpon the Land. *Exit.*

### Actus Quartus, Scena prima.

*Enter King John and Pandolph, attendants.*

*K. John.* Thus haue I yeelded vp into your hand  
The Circle of my glory.

*Pan.* Take againe

From this my hand, as holding of the Pope  
Your Soueraigne greatnesse and authoritie.

*John.* Now keep your holy word, go meet the French,  
And from his holinesse vse all your power  
To stop their marches: 'fore we are enflam'd:  
Our discontented Countie doe reuolt:  
Our people quarrell with obedience,  
Swearing Allegiance, and the loue of soule  
To stranger-bloud, to forren Royaltie;  
This inundation of mistempered humor,  
Rests by you onely to be qualified.  
Then pause not: for the present time's so sicke,  
That present medicine must be ministred,  
Or ouerthrow incurable ensues.

*Pand.* It was my breath that blew this Tempest vp,  
Vpon your stubborne v'sage of the Pope:  
But since you are a gentle conuertite,  
My tongue shall hush againe this storme of warre,  
And make faire weather in your blustering land:  
On this Ascension day, remember well,  
Vpon your oath of seruice to the Pope,  
Goe I to make the French lay downe their Armes. *Exit.*

*John.* Is this Ascension day: did not the Prophet  
Say, that before Ascension day at noone,  
My Crowne I should giue off? euen so I haue:  
I did suppose it should be on constraint,  
But (heau'n be thank'd) it is but voluntary.

*Enter Bastard.*

*Bast.* All Kent hath yeelded: nothing there holds out  
But Dover Castle: London hath receiu'd  
Like a kinde Host, the Dolphin and his powers.  
Your Nobles will not heare you, but are gone  
To offer seruice to your enemy:  
And wilde amazement hurries vp and downe  
The little number of your doubtful friends.

*John.* Would not my Lords returne to me againe  
After they heard yong Arthur was aliue?

*Bast.* They found him dead, and cast into the streets,  
An empty Casket, where the Iewell of life  
By some damn'd hand was rob'd, and tane away.

*John.* That villaine Hubert told me he did liue.

*Bast.* So on my soule he did, for ought he knew:  
But wherefore doe you droope? why looke you sad?  
Be great in act, as you haue beene in thought:  
Let not the world see feare and sad distrust  
Gouerne the motion of a kingly eye:  
Be stirring as the time, be fire with fire,  
Threaten the threatner, and out-face the brow  
Of bragging horror: So shall inferior eyes  
That borrow their behauiours from the great,  
Grow great by your example, and put on  
The dauntlesse spirit of resolution.

Away, and glister like the god of warre  
When he intendeth to become the field:  
Shew boldnesse and aspiring confidence:  
What, shall they seeke the Lion in his denne,  
And fright him there? and make him tremble there?  
Oh let it not be said: forrage, and runne  
To meet displeasure farther from the dores,  
And grapple with him ere he come so nye.

*John.* The Legat of the Pope hath beene with mee,  
And I haue made a happy peace with him,  
And he hath promis'd to dismisse the Powers  
Led by the Dolphin.

*Bast.* Oh inglorious league:  
Shall we vpon the footing of our land,  
Send fayre-play-orders, and make compromise,  
Insinuation, parley, and base truce  
To Armes Inuasiue? Shall a bearded boy,  
A cocked-silken wanton braue our fields,  
And flesh his spirit in a warre-like soyle,  
Mocking the ayre with colours idly spred,  
And finde no checke? Let vs my Liege to Armes:  
Perchance the Cardinall cannot make your peace;  
Or if he doe, let it at least be said  
They saw we had a purpose of defence.

*John.* Haue thou the ordering of this present time.

*Bast.* Away then with good courage: yet I know  
Our Partie may well meet a powder foe. *Exeunt.*

### Scena Secunda.

*Enter (in Armes) Dolphin, Salisbury, Meloone, Pembroke, Bigot, Soldiers.*

*Dol.* My Lord Meloone, let this be coppied out,  
And keepe it safe for our remembrance:  
Returne the president to these Lords againe,  
That hauing our faire order written downe,  
Both they and we, perusing ore these notes  
May know wherefore we tooke the Sacrament,  
And keepe our faithes firme and inuolable.

*Sal.* Vpon our sides it neuer shall be broken,  
And Noble Dolphin, albeit we sweare  
A voluntary zeale, and an vn-urg'd Faith  
To your proceedings: yet beleue me Prince,  
I am not glad that such a sore of Time  
Should seeke a plaster by contemnd reuolt,  
And heale the inueterate Canker of one wound,

By making many: Oh it grieues my soule,  
That I must draw this nettles from my side  
To be a widow-maker: oh, and there  
Where honourable rescue, and defence  
Cries out vpon the name of Salisbury.  
But such is the infection of the time,  
That for the health and Physicke of our right,  
We cannot deale but with the very hand  
Of sterne Iniustice, and confused wrong:  
And is't not pittie, (oh my grieved friends)  
That we, the sonnes and children of this Isle,  
Was borne to see so sad an houre as this,  
Wherein we step after a stranger, march  
Vpon her gentle bosom, and fill vp  
Her Enemies ranks? I must withdraw, and weepe  
Vpon the spot of this inforced cause,  
To grace the Gentry of a Land remote,  
And follow vnacquainted colours heere:  
What heere? O Nation that thou couldst remoue,  
That *Neptunes* Armes who clippeth thee about,  
Would beare thee from the knowledge of thy selfe,  
And cripple thee vnto a Pagan shore,  
Where these two Christian Armies might combine  
The bloud of malice, in a vaine of league,  
And not to spend it so vn-neighbourly.

*Dolph.* A noble temper dost thou shew in this,  
And great affections wrastling in thy bosome  
Doth make an earth-quake of Nobility:  
Oh, what a noble combat hast fought  
Between compulsion, and a braue respect:  
Let me wipe off this honourable dew,  
That fluently doth progresse on thy cheekes:  
My heart hath melted at a Ladies teares,  
Being an ordinary Inundation:  
But this effusion of such manly drops,  
This showre, blowne vp by tempest of the soule,  
Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amaz'd  
Then had I seene the vaultie top of heauen  
Figur'd quite ore with burning Meteors,  
Lift vp thy brow (renowned Salisbury)  
And with a great heart heaue away this storme:  
Commend these waters to those baby-eyes  
That neuer saw the giant-world enrag'd,  
Nor met with Fortune, other then at feasts,  
Full warm of blood, of mirth, of gossiping:  
Come, come; for thou shalt thrust thy hand as deepe  
Into the purse of rich prosperity  
As *Lewis* himselfe: so (Nobles) shall you all,  
That knit your sinewes to the strength of mine.

*Enter Pandolph.*

And euen there, methinkes an Angell spake,  
Looke where the holy Legate comes apace,  
To giue vs warrant from the hand of heauen,  
And on our actions set the name of right  
With holy breath.

*Pand.* Haile noble Prince of France:  
The next is this: King John hath reconcil'd  
Himselfe to Rome, his spirit is come in,  
That so stood out against the holy Church,  
The great Metropolis and Sea of Rome:  
Therefore thy threatening Colours now winde vp,  
And tame the sauage spirit of wilde warre,  
That like a Lion fostered vp at hand,  
It may lie gently at the foot of peace,  
And be no further harmefull then in shewe.

*Dol.* Your Grace shall pardon me, I will not backe:

I am too high  
To be a seco  
Or v'sell fer  
To any Soue  
Your breath  
Betweene th  
And brought  
And now 'tis  
With that fa  
You taught m  
Acquainted  
Yea, thrust  
And come ye  
His peace wi  
I (by the ho  
After yong  
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Because that  
Am I *Rome*  
What men p  
To vnder-pro  
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And such as r  
Sweat in this  
Haue I not h  
Vine le Roy, a  
Haue I not h  
To winne thi  
And shall I n  
No, no, on n  
*Pand.* Yo  
*Dol.* Out  
Till my atten  
As to my am  
Before I drew  
And cull'd th  
To out-look  
Euen in the i  
What lusty T

*Bast.* Acc  
Let me haue  
My holy Lor  
I come to lea  
And, as you  
And warrant

*Pand.* Th  
And will not  
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*Bast.* By  
The youth fa  
For thus his  
He is prepar  
This apish an  
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The King de  
To whip thi  
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To cudgell y  
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To crowle  
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To hug with  
In vaults and